killed and two and a half million wounded, France had been bled nearly to death. The people yearned for some tangible fruits of the victory but wanted to have them without further effort and new sacrifice. Perhaps the weakness and instability of the French governments were rooted less in the squabble between political factions than in the fact that the man on the street was confused, deeply dissatisfied but unable to formulate his aspirations.

Economic conditions in France were not quite as bad as in Italy but followed the same pattern. Prices were more than treble those before the war. Wages had risen in some industries but remained unchanged in others. Strikes were going on in many places—thousands of small local walkouts, scores of disputes of national importance. Some strikes ended in a compromise, but more frequently work was resumed under the old conditions.

Communism had not yet appeared on the French scene as an independent political force: Soviet agents were hard at work but did not reveal their real purpose; they infiltrated the labor unions, the Socialist party, the war veterans' associations, and the press. Communist straws were in the wind—inflammatory speeches during the strikes, anti-militaristic declarations of combatants, glorification of the Soviets. Soldiers in the streets, in old unbuttoned capotes without insignia, reminded us of the comrade deserters in Russia in 1917.

My main contacts were with the press—a new world for me. My plan for a press campaign was very simple. I did not try to squeeze into the newspapers articles pleading for recognition of the Georgian Republic but put out brief items about Georgia that read like news and might interest the average reader. The idea was to select the news in such a way as to show the role of Georgia as an outpost of democracy in a remote corner of the world. For a while, this plan worked satisfactorily enough. Not all the newspapers printed our releases, but some did. The most respectable, *Le Temps*, published a dozen such notes, then suddenly lost interest in Georgia.

A couple of weeks afterward, the head of the foreign affairs department of the newspaper called our legation to ask the press relations officer to come in for a talk. I was received by a rotund gentleman, very vivacious, voluble, and sympathetic. He explained with admirable candor that neither his nor any other big newspapers would print my notes merely because of interest in them or through sympathy for the small country somewhere thousands of miles away. Going over the foreign news in the last issue of the paper, column by column, he said to me, "As good friends we should have no secrets from each other. All this stuff is paid for. This is not politics—it is business. We are doing all we can for our friends and all we expect from them is to manifest their friendship for us by sharing our expenses. Your little